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lect your beau, Penelope, at your age when I know we are apt to be more gracious to suitors than when our cheeks were June roses and our eyes were lures. (Old ladies always say they were hours in their youth.) Then if we dismissed a beau there were several more just behind him only waiting for him to get out of the way. Then, Penelope, then we were never without a beau or the immediate prospect of one or more. But I realize now, dear, that when I advise you to run the risk of losing your present aide-de-camp I am practically condemning you to a cursed life of single-ness. For celibacy is not blessed and I will not call it so even in fun. It is better to be married to just an ordinary man like Jack, than not to be married at all. Because although men have their faults, as well as women, they are not the same in kind or degree that women are seasoned with. A woman cut off from all but the most formal association with man grows more and more feminine. She grows fussy and things get on her nerves that if she were married would not trouble her. My development of Christian graces since my marriage is due to the discipline of living with Jack and learning not to be disgusted with the sight and smell of cuspidors, newspapers on the floor and transposed pipes in incongruous places. I have observed that even neat men have no sense of the incongruous, irrelevant and irregular, when the thing objected to is a pipe. Even uxorious husbands reproach a wife with fussiness when that little black thing that looks like a musical note, but is oftener the leit-motif in a very unmusical discord, is the subject of discussion. Nevertheless, Penelope, I would rather be stupid me, ridiculed of Jack, me, with the odor of stale tobacco ever in my nostrils and clinging to my lace curtains like a persistent kitten, than a spinster, however brilliant, cultured, and comme elle faut. This is decidedly not comme il faut: exulting in the public prints over my own conjugal discipline and evolved character and condoling with you for not having even as much of a prize as Jack to dust, mend, and keep the flies and moths off of. I have wandered as all married women do from any given point back to their husbands. That is one thing an old maid should be thankful for: she can still devote her attention to one subject long enough to get a fairly comprehensive view of it. Where-as a married woman's mind is so full of the faults and virtues of "Him" that lucid discussion of anything else is out of the question. I started to say that whatever and whoever you neglect, do not neglect me and The Courier.

A friend informs me that at a late meeting of The Round Table the new woman was discussed. Nobody knows exactly what the new woman is. Probably no two men present could have agreed upon a definition of her. But most men who do not approve of the N. W. have a mental image of a disputatious, noisy, clamorous woman (there cannot be too many noisy words to adequately express their abomination) a woman who dislikes children and prefers the vocation of an auctioneer or of a prosecuting attorney to any other. If there are no vacancies the abomination would accept a position as depot-passenger director or failing that, any sort of huxtering or police work would suit her. This is Bixby's idea of the new woman. All the ministers present deprecated woman's increasing interest in the affairs of the world. They unanimously agreed that woman's place was at home with her children when she had them and they were home from school. Otherwise an exclusive association with her pots and pans was best for every woman, who ought to take no more interest in the outside world than the limit defined in each household by the head of it. Funny, is it not, that

the ministers, of all men, should take this view? Have you looked about the congregation any Sunday morning on one of the occasions in the last twenty years that you have chanced to be in church? If you have been in a place of vantage where you could observe the worshipers without appearing to stare, perhaps in the slow length of a dull sermon you have deliberately counted them and noted the preponderating number of women to men. If it were not for the women, even in villages where recreation is rare, the churches would close, for lack of nourishment. The sisters hold fairs, entertainments and wheedle men in new and old ways to give up enough to support the churches. The men, exclusive of the ministers, do not make church calls, they do not bake cakes, and the piouset of them would not, not to save the church-social from extinction. And would not the churches be lonesome of a Sunday morning if it were not for the women? Yet the Rev. Something —, a little man with a very solemn pink face, was particularly anxious that something should be done to put woman back in her place, where formerly even little men were objects of some dignity to her. Come to consider the subject, most of the men in this town who object to a woman's attending to her own affairs are very small, fat, and pink. There are plenty of short men who take large views of the questions of the day, but all the small men are afraid that woman is going to get ahead of them. Is it so in Omaha?

You ask if cooks and maids of all work are scarce in Lincoln. They are rare, good ones, all over this country. In New York, which is the landing place of Ireland, Sweden, Norway, and Germany, the well-to-do population is taking rooms in hotels because of the scarcity of "help." Lincoln house-wives are baking, washing, scrubbing, washing dishes, sweeping and cleaning lamps, not because Bixby, the funny man of the Journal, (he is funnier than he thinks he is) says that house work is the only womanly occupation and the only one they can understand, but because there is a dearth of "girls." Women who would be about the business of the leisure classes, are cooking three meals a day. Their hands are hard as a day laborer's, and their faces have the set look that hard, manual labor finally seals its own with. There are a few people to whom it has been revealed that a maid is a human being even as the mistress is, that her bones do ache and her heart doth yearn for recreation, for the society of her own friends in a seemly place, and above all for the sympathy and respect of her mistress and of the family she toils for. In a few instances a self-respecting, competent girl has found a mistress who recognizes the ethnological connection between individuals of all races. When two such women once form the relations of mistress and maid the connection is not quickly broken. It is a hard relation to establish, but the mistress who can gain a strong, intelligent girl's affection has solved the domestic question in her own household for a while at least. When the good girl marries, dies or retires, the mistress will have had a training that will be of use to her in associating with other "help."

Penelope, you speak of the experiences of a rose very feelingly. A rose has more experiences than any other flower. Do you remember the rose-petals that the old play-lover finally crumbles into dust in his hands? There are roses shut into drawers, and tenderly folded into pocket-books that in a few years will be dusted out of their secret places because the antiquary who treasured them is dust himself and no one will know the meaning of the faded petals and of the faint fragrance. There will be fresher roses in the garden than and then no reason for keeping the old relics in a drawer or a pocket-book.

Very sentimentally yours,
ELEANOR.